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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journey from Moscow to Constantinople in the Years 1817, 1818. By William Mac Michael, M.D. F.R.S., &c. London, 1819. 4to. pp. 272.

WE ought before to have noticed this work, which has been several months before the public; but the press has so teemed with travels this season, that it was impossible even for our speed to do justice to them all. Dr. Mac Michael's has been postponed, and it has so much of the salt of merit in it that it would keep much longer and still furnish an entertaining review. We do not, however, pledge ourselves that the nominal author's portion of the volume is the better half; on the contrary, the concluding moiety, which is the production of Mr. Legh, is infinitely more novel and interesting. Dr. M.'s journey was performed too much in haste for accurate observation; and his route, with a few exceptions, is more of an itinerary than satisfies our thirst for information. Mr. Legh's Syrian Travels are, on the other hand, exceedingly pleasing and full of curious particulars: it will not, therefore, be wondered at if we prefer making the greater part of our extracts from his remarks.

We shall, nevertheless, begin with Dr. Mac Michael's account of the gypsies in Moldavia. On Christmas-day, our 6th of January,

The Moldavian boyars were exhibiting themselves in the streets (of Kichénu) in their most showy equipages. For our own part we were serenaded by a band of gypsies, tall swarthy fellows, who accompanied very discordantly with their voices, five violins, upon which they played various plaintive Moldavian airs. As this extraordinary race of people forms a very considerable part of the population of Moldavia and Wallachia, and we had frequent opportunities of observing them afterwards, a slight notice of their present condition, &c. may not be without interest. The Cynganis are stated to equal in number the native peasantry of Moldavia; and, it seems now pretty generally agreed to consider them of Indian extraction. This opinion rests chiefly on similarity of language, and some analogies, perhaps rather fanciful, that are conceived to exist between the habits of the lower class of Hindûs and those of the wan-

dering tribes of gypsies. Of the latter resemblances, the chief are a fondness for red dresses, the stone anvil used in their favourite occupation of blacksmiths, the voluptuous dances of their women, and their trade of fortune-telling: all of them customs and propensities, that are said to prevail equally among the Pariahs of Hindostan. They first made their appearance in Germany in 1417, from whence they have spread over the whole continent of Europe. Slaves of the boyars, in Moldavia, under the degrading appellation of *Bejaresk*, they are not employed in cultivating the soil, but, like some of the serfs in Russia, obtain permission from their masters, on paying an annual contribution, or *obroc*, to wander about the country, and exercise different mechanical arts. The amount of this yearly tax is 18 piastres for each chief of a family, and they travel in troops of 50 or 60 tents, carrying along with them all they possess, encamping, with their cattle feeding round them, and chiefly exercising the trade of tinkers. This is the mode of life of the greater proportion of the gypsies; but there is another class that is fixed in the towns, where they become carpenters, masons, tailors, shoemakers, and musicians. These latter, who have permanent residences, are said to speak only "*Walak*," like the natives of the country; but the others, who rove about, have a dialect peculiar to themselves; and it is from an attentive comparison of various words in this jargon, with the language spoken by a people in Hindostan, that the chief argument has been drawn respecting their common origin. A rich Moldavian noble will possess some hundred gypsies, whom he considers as so many cattle, obstinately refusing to sell them to a stranger, but occasionally effecting an exchange of a few individuals with a neighbouring boyar. The pilfering and roguish dispositions observable among them in England, characterize them also in Moldavia; but the horrid stories of their being cannibals, and fond of the flesh of children, whom they stole for the purpose of afterwards devouring, and of which they were accused in Hungary, and, in consequence, executed in the reign of Maria Theresa, are idle, and utterly without foundation.

In Turkey, these people are very dark and swarthy. They are called *Tchin-gens*, dwell in fixed abodes, and occupy themselves in the labours of agriculture. They are nominally Musselmans; as in

* The literary transactions of the Bombay Society, recently published (see a former Literary Gazette), contain a very curious paper, with a vocabulary, on this subject. Ed.

Christian countries they are nominally Christians; but the Turks, considering their notorious insincerity, subject them to the capitation tax, which *rayahs* or renegadoes pay.

In Moldavia they have a strange superstition about the plague.

They all persist in declaring that Turkey, in Europe, is destined to suffer continually from one of the two most destructive scourges with which humanity is afflicted, war or pestilence. When the one ceases, the other makes its appearance; but they have been rarely, if ever, known to exist at one and the same time.

The following is not very probable:

At Jassy there is an ancient Greek church dedicated to their three saints—George, Basil, and John. The whole of its exterior is covered with stucco, moulded into the most curious and intricate forms, not unlike the irregular patterns sometimes seen on paper or carpets. Tradition reports, that all this highly ornamented surface was formerly coated with gold, of which it was despoiled at the time of an inroad of the Tartars, by the conquerors making a fire round the church, and melting its superb gilding.

At Jassy there was a Candiote, with a printing-press, which he devoted entirely to the printing of Greek prayer-books; but his trade was not thriving, and he expressed a strong desire to return home in the suite of some rich English traveller, to whom he was certain he could point out valuable remains of antiquity; and many rare manuscripts which might be purchased at an easy rate.

Literature at Bucharest is not in a more respected state. After our travellers visited the Hospodar, they were shown the library of the palace, containing a great number of books; but treated in a manner which indisputably proved that the Bibliomania had not yet infected the interior of Dacia. Greek and Slavonian MSS. were lying *pêle-mêle* on the floor, or covered with dust, and piled up on shelves, together with very excellent modern French works; which latter formed at one time the library of the celebrated traveller Sonnini.

We were turned into the library as into a lumber-room; and, in its present state of confusion and neglect, more curious or less scrupulous visitors than ourselves, might have carried off, without the least difficulty, many a rare and precious manuscript.

The wolves in Turkey are in great multitudes and desperate in their depredations.

dations; but the cruel taxes under which the people groan are worse.

In the tributary provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, there is no limit to the extent of contribution; the demands of the government are unbounded, and a peasant may be called upon to pay, at various times, two or three hundred piastres in the course of the year. Apprised of the approach of the tax-gatherers, he frequently deserts his home, in the vain hope of escaping the heavy exaction: but his wife and children are left behind, and nothing can be more revolting to the common feelings of humanity, than the stories of the cruelties practised towards these helpless wretches, for the purpose of compelling them to produce their hidden treasures. They are flogged, or, the doors of their huts being closed, are exposed to the fumes of burning wood, till suffocation is almost produced; in short, they are tortured by every imaginable refinement of barbarity, to compel them to confess where the husband or the money is concealed. At length, reduced to ruin and despair, his cattle driven away, and all his stock taken from him, the peasant quits his native cottage in quest of a less mercenary *Ispravnik*.

He travels onward, bargaining with the different village despots, till he meets with one who is content to take a moderate annual sum, as a sort of modus of contribution. It is not, however, to be supposed that the *Ispravnik* considers himself bound to abide by the terms of his agreement; the least appearance of increasing wealth on the part of the peasant, or even the wantonness of mere tyrannical caprice, may call for fresh and unexpected levies.

If these people had a Smithfield or Manchester to meet at, what a fine thing it would be for their orators—so copious a subject: slavery, flogging, taxation, assassination, *et cetera*, would be no tropes and figures.

After crossing the Danube at Radshuk, Dr. M. proceeded on horseback for Constantinople, through Bulgaria and Romelia. We find nothing beyond four brief notices to extract from this portion of the work; and, intending hereafter to take up Mr. Legh's contribution, with these we shall conclude.

Tavern fare.—On the arrival of a stranger at a Turkish post-house, he is always shown into the room reserved for the use of travellers, which is generally matted, and has along one or two sides of the wall, a low sofa, or long cushion, on which he sits, or should sit, cross-legged. His entertainment uniformly commences with coffee and pipes, with which he passes the time, till a more substantial meal can be prepared. Our dinner, to-day, consisted of the following articles, which I give as a specimen of Turkish cookery. We had, of course, no knives nor forks; but there were several wooden spoons placed on a circular metallic table, just elevated above the floor. Having washed our

hands, we began to finger, by the help of pieces of bread, some sheep's trotters, stewed in grease; a dish of rather an indifferent flavour. Next followed some harico muton, which was extremely good, and then a large pile of pilau, or plain boiled rice; the repast was concluded by a dish of excellent *yacourt*, or sour milk. As infidels we were allowed wine, besides the vinous liquor, called *sorbet*, drunk by Turks themselves, and made by bruising and steeping grapes in hot water, which is kept, and ferments for a short time in a close vessel, till it begins to acquire a slight acidity.

Salutations.—There was something very imposing in the ceremony of our departure from the places where we lodged during the night. At the early hour of three o'clock we usually drank coffee, of which our Christian and Turkish attendants alike partook. We then rode in silence for a few yards, till we were clear of the village, when the foremost *surugee*, who led a baggage horse, and regulated our pace at the rate of about four miles an hour, began his gentle trot with the Turkish exclamation "Oughourlar ola!" (may you have good omens), receiving in reply, the corresponding salutation, "Allah razi ola!" (may it so please God.) This mutual greeting was repeated along the whole line of our party, and we observed that it was always interchanged between travellers who might meet (met) on the road. When proceeding from the mouth of the haughty Mussulman, as he passed over the wild country subject to his dominion, and uttered with the deep-toned guttural Turkish pronunciation, there was an air of dignity in the simple ceremony, that approached almost to the sublime.

Mosque of Selim at Adrianople.—We paid a sequin to be permitted to ascend to the top of one of the four minarets of the mosque, which are fluted and of a very elegant construction. Three spiral stair-cases, winding round each other, separately conducted to the three different galleries of the minaret, to the highest of which you mount by 377 steps. On our descent, we were permitted (a difficult matter), on condition of taking off our shoes, to enter the interior of the mosque itself. From the hasty view we took of it (for we were hurried through), I could only collect the following particulars. The floor was covered with carpets, many lamps and ostrich eggs were suspended from the ceiling of the immense dome. In several recesses, similar to the side chapels to be observed in large cathedrals, devout Turks were reading or praying. On the walls of the interior, were inscriptions in Turkish characters; on one side of the building stood an elevated chair or pulpit, to which a very narrow and steep flight of steps conducted. In the centre of the mosque was a spring, surrounded by a circular screen, and we were invited to apply our mouths to the top of the marble fountain, to imbibe the sacred water, which did not jet out, but merely rose to the brim. Struck with the prodigious number of windows about me, I was attempting to count them, when our guide hastily intimated to us that

it was time to withdraw. The French Consul, who had the kindness to accompany us, explained this circumstance, by telling us that it was considered a bad omen among the Turks, to allow a Christian to make such a calculation, which, however, he had once made, and found to be 999. Several boys, apparently employed in keeping clean the interior of the mosque, beset us and eagerly demanded a *backshish*, or present. The exterior court is paved with large slabs of white marble, and the antique columns of the cloisters built round it are of various orders and dimensions; but all of the most costly materials, either Verde Antico, Egyptian granite, or Cipollino marble. Near the building is a College of Dervishes.

Prolusions on the present Greatness of Britain; on Modern Poetry; and on the present Aspect of the World. By Sharon Turner, F.A.S. London, 1819, 12mo. pp. 200.

THE title explains the nature of this book, which is the production of an enlightened individual, who has chosen the vehicle of verse for the record of his sentiments, without having either been born a poet or become one. Indifferent didactic rhyme is perhaps more troublesome to write than tolerable prose; whether it be more impressive and imposing, the readers of Mr. Turner's Prolusions will decide. For our parts, we like it better; and as he has not pestered us about Muses and Parnassuses, and Helicons, we are content to take his irregular lines and unallowed terminations, not as poetry, but as a very agreeable style of conveying opinions and information, which we might not have been so readily induced to peruse in the drier form of essays. There is in truth much more of mind than of metre in this volume;—a great deal of good poetic feeling, and very little of good poetry;—in merit the rhyming bears small proportion to the reasoning; and the execution falls so far short of the conception, that Pilgrim's Progress and these Prolusions might almost be set on a par for composition. The first three words are nearly a bull.

Altho' OUR EGOTISM,—Dear friend! forgive, and a number of slips in the subsequent pages keep it in countenance. At p. 8, we are told, (we presume by an error of the press) that

Some fix in Shetland's earth, disputed size, thereby meaning that the late philosophical proceedings were to measure "in Shetland earth's disputed size," or rather shape: and the following passages, taken from many similar, will justify our censure of the author's carelessness or disregard.

But British females, equal to ourselves
By law, in nature; must be reasoning (1) *elices*.
To keep their due prerogatives unshorn,
They must partake and aid the mind's great
(2) *dawn*. p. 12.

Let not our Muse her powers on flim-flams
waste,
(3) D'Israeli's curious lore should rouse a bet-
ter taste. p. 101.

We read just as you pen. Ye cold, we yawn,
With all the sensibility of (4) *bravura*. p. 125.

The rudest devastator never reign'd,
But some great blessing from his rule (5)
eman'd. p. 189.

We seem in the full noon of Chemia's [chemis-
try's] day,
When nature tells us 'tis her (6) *twilight ray*. p. 14.

New nations rise where'er we plough the seas;
(7) *Ashantees* startle, and Lewchewans please;
Terrific (8) *Ashantees*! whose throngs (9) dilate
Barbaric grandeur with barbaric state. p. 24.

Call
All nations to the mart, there's room for all.
Our rivals will be still our dealers too,
And we their customers. Trade now we view
Like mercy, blessing both, all, them, us, you.

But we need not multiply examples,
since in these few quotations we have
(1) lowness of expression, (2) bad rhyme,
(3) unconscionable long measure, (4)
meanness, (5) coinage, (6) blunder—
twilight for dawn, (7) false quantity, (8)
the use of words to convey a different idea
from that which they import, (9) bathos
—with several minor defects, which
will occur without being pointed out to
the critical reader. It is extraordinary
that a person of the author's great and
acknowledged talents should have been
guilty of such offences, which are evi-
dently the result of inattention, or indif-
ference to his manner, so that his matter
was valuable: for there is a vast mass of
intelligence communicated in this sloven-
ly way; and we bow to Mr. Turner's
justness of thought, while we condemn
his looseness of expression, and wonder
at the extent and variety of his knowl-
edge, while we laugh at the trite and
inelegant mode in which he has spread
it before us. His thorough acquaint-
ance with all the literary and scientific
topics of the times is truly remarkable;
and if the biblio-mania should exist 500
or 1000 years hence, we will venture to
predict that his book will be esteemed
one of the most curious and entertaining
of our age. His view of things is indeed
in el-Dorado vision, but he enumerates
and particularises while he dreams; and
though we may not agree with his gild-
ed premises, nor jump at his sanguine

conclusions, we are instructed by his
calendar-like register of all the promi-
nent appearances of 1819. A guess may
be made at the happy turn for seeing
every event in its fairest light, when we
hear that in our *virtuous* days even the
vices are not so bad as formerly.

The spirit to be rich, is not, as erst,
A miser's craving with a maniac's thirst;
It is the love of eminence—of name,
Of public honours and of general fame, &c.
Alas! we fear that human nature is but
human nature still, and that, despite of
Mr. Turner, the base passions have not
yet been ennobled. We agree with him
however, entirely, in hailing the present
era as the dawn of stupendous improve-
ments in all the arts and sciences, in the
philosophy of life, in politics, and, per-
haps, in ethics; in thinking that effects
which cannot be calculated will be pro-
duced, far exceeding what ensued at the
Reformation, and, if equalled by any
epoch, equalled only by the introduc-
tion of Christianity. Even the madness
of Reform, which agitates Britain at this
moment, is but one of the many proofs
of this truth—the spirit of inquiry is
abroad; Heaven send that it may walk
in light, and issue in brightness, and hap-
piness, and glory!

We fear that we have detained our
friends too long from the poem, but it is
one which cannot be read without giv-
ing rise to many reflections:—would it
be too fantastical to imagine, that with
all the importance we attach to our own
period, the baby world is yet in its very
infancy (some six thousand years old)
with all the ignorance, weakness, and
imperfections of childhood, but when
matured to the age of a hundred mil-
lions of years, (Mr. Olbers calculates
that no comet will destroy us in less than
220,000,000,) that men will then be de-
migods or angels!

But to the Prolusions of Mr. Turner,
who has not ventured, with all his vision-
ary speculations, into so wild and wide a
field as ourselves. Speaking of our ve-
nerated monarch in a fine tone, he thus
concludes the first poem on the present
greatness of Britain:

But can I close these musings, nor devote
One thought to Him, around whose memory
float
The visions of our glory as they blend?
Our ROYAL SHEPHERD; PATRIARCH; SUP-
FERER; FRIEND?
It cannot be. His reign so vast an arch
Spreads o'er the flood of time: so grand the
march
Of mind and action, that has pass'd the
stream;
It must for ever shine with splendid beam.
It cannot be forgotten. As in space,
So in its scenes, it claims superior place,

All turns of human fortune—it has known;
All that can grace, exalt or wound a throne:
All public glory and all private woe;
Pre-eminent in all things felt below;
Honour, grief, triumph, care, bliss, dread and
show.

Can I forget the feeling of thy morn?
"I glory that I am a Briton born,"
Ah! Monarch! doubly venerable now
For age and sorrow! while our public vow
Implores thy welfare, may our hearts acclaim
The manly virtues which secure thy fame.
Hallowed by time and Providence, thy form
Lives in our sight, more reverend from the
storm.

What now remains to keep our Britain blest
But steady fortitude and social rest;
The growing worth of every active mind,
With justice, moral faith and hope combin'd;
The blending of the free and loyal heart,
Gracing the patriot with the subject's part:
Obedient to the laws; respecting power;
Conscious of rights; contented with the hour:
Pursuing firmly all that's great and fair,
And happiest in the good which others share!
Be this thy spirit, Britain! and the earth
Will hail thy empire as its noblest birth.
Mankind will gaze to emulate thy fame;
But to attain it, must thy virtues claim.

And do no faults this splendid greatness
shade?

Ah! faithless were the lips, that could per-
suade

Flattery so visible—and useless too.
Were our eye blind, the spots our neighbours
view.

But here I pause. 'Tis not my theme to trace
What imperfections may our land disgrace.
Our virtues spread. And as their reign aug-
ments;

The ills will scatter, which our taste repents.
Reposing on this hope, our darker ground
Let other pencils add. I paint the sunshine
round.

Then still, this partial strain, dear Friend!
forgive,
That hails the heav'n-bless'd country where
we live.

May not these sketches justify the muse;
And egotism become but truth's fair views?
Yet think not, that rejoicing in my birth,
My narrow soul perceives no other worth:
All nations now, such sounds of progress give,
I glory in the AGE in which I live.
All are advancing, tho' with different pace;
But BRITAIN moves the foremost in the race.
Others may spring as active: She transcends
In moral aim, utilities and ends.

The next Prolusion is addressed to the
subject of modern poets and poetry; and
as it is the most personal, if not (as how-
ever we deem it) the most interesting,
we shall be copious in our extracts from
it. It is useful to have the judgment of
so able a man as Mr. Sharon Turner
upon the style and bards of the day. We
will begin with his own portrait.

This generous courage, while I praise, I
shun:
A feebler ray attends my setting sun.
My prayer but leisure, health, and rural rest;
Contented, with the tranquil to be blest.
The bust, the trophy, and the shout, no more
Kindle those feelings, which the brave adore.

The bustling world, to my half-shatter'd frame,
Seems full of stormy noise and clashing aim.
Tormenting and tormented most appear,
Ambition's pupils on an icy sphere;
Falling themselves, dislodging whom they
may,
And discontented with their happiest day.
From these I turn, unfit for strife or toil,
Ease now my heav'n; and peace my richest
spoil.

His censure of the Byron school is, we
think, emine tly just.

The voice of blame I hate to hear, or swell,
And yet some strains the censor's frown impel.
Giaours; Selims; Corsairs; Alps and Harolds
tease;
And all the misanthropes and ruffians please.
Paris and Weimar drill'd us to admire
Outrageous sentiment and maniac fire.
With humble plagiarising skill we toil,
And their worst shoots transplant to British
soil.

Our rage for novelty th' exotic hails,
And German Endriagos crowd our tales.
Montorios, Bertrams, Christabels delight:
Ambrasios, sorcerers, bravos, fiends affright.
As if a bedlam were the general school,
Or Bacchus' orgies gave the poet rule.
As if chew'd opium were the happiest muse,
And her best forms, phantasmagorias views.

The contrast between ancient and modern tragedy is equally judicious. Of the former it is said,

The Tragic Muse there owns a human heart,
And human voices from her breast depart.
Her terror ne'er approaches the grotesque;
Her pangs, no passions torture to burlesque,
No heroes there half-fiends, half-maniacs, rave;
No incidents incredible deprave.
The daily theatre of life supplies
All that affect, alarm us, or surprise.
Now, tir'd of nature, Greece, and Shakspeare
too;

The wild and violent, our bards pursue.

Two lines describe the latter but too truly.

The false sublime; th' unnatural and deform'd
Are now the spells by which our hearts are
warm'd.

The characters of several of our leading Poets are drawn with a candid pen. We select the principal features.

LORD BYRON—

Byron! th' ethereal touch has bless'd thy
frame.
Nurture—obey the lofty native's aim.
Permit it to its source divine to soar,
And like th' lark, high-darting, carol and
adore.

To thy entrusted genius be more just.
'Twas born for heav'n; why grovels it in dust?
'Tis true thy savage characters affright
By their own pangs, from crime and lawless
might.

And ev'n thy Childe, so woe-begone com-
plains;

We learn to shun his humour by his pains.

WALTER SCOTT—

Thy scenes vivacious, bustling, free and
true,
Thou, Son of Genius, ever bright and new,
And ever pleasing, Proteus Scott! I praise,
For harmless cheerfulness thy pen conveys.
Thou hast not struck the muses' noblest lyre;
Nor on high ethic themes employ'd thy fire.

But Nature guides thee thro' thy laurell'd
field,
And unrepented joys thy warblings yield.
Thy scenes delight, but not deprave the mind.
No ruffian blazon'd into worth we find.
Virtue and vice in no confusion join;
Crime stands pourtray'd as crime with clear
design.

Thy characters no monstrous unions plan;
No statues, half Apollo and half Pan.
Nature, tho' not sublim'd, yet not debas'd,
Inculcates no deteriorated taste.

MR. SOUTHEY—

Southey! on thee descends thy long-wooded
fame.

Hail to thy moral soul; thy high-glance'd aim.
The noblest feelings in thy bosom glow,
And from thy lips the virtues love to flow.
Thy mission'd maid inspires us to abhor
The baleful deeds of fierce, ambitious war.
And breathes in sweetest notes, when battles
cease,

The love of reason, heav'n, and rural peace.
With epic majesty thy periods roll,
Sonorous; varied; one harmonious whole.

MR. CRABBE—

Poetical anatomist of woe,
With careless melody Crabbe's numbers flow.
Easy, lax, pensive, yet his truths allure,
The faithful Dutch-depictor of our poor.
Plaintive he warbles, and dismay'd we read,
Till cold misanthropy becomes our creed.
So comments once and partial extracts led
My thought to doubt, ere on the works I fed.
But when his stream of mind, before my sight,
Flow'd in its own clear eloquence and light,
The muse's Xenophon I hail'd.

CAMPBELL—

The soul's true vigour glows in Campbell's
strains,
In Hope's gay visions, and when Gertrude
plains.

How keen the touch of sympathy we feel
When Hohenlinden makes the dire appeal!
In many a lay th' electric flashes dart
A verse—a line—warm rushing to the heart.
And now the critic swells the poet's fame;
Taste, judgment, feeling, truth, the sketches
claim.

WORDSWORTH—

Thy spirit, Wordsworth! with the moral
band

In heart and mind associate claims to stand.
Tho' all the seven ages to their end,
Babe, infant, schoolboy, youth, man, lover,
friend,

Sing in thy varied but unequal lays;
Yet still the ethic purpose is thy praise,
Enshrining merit! which defies the grave,
And will most bless thee when nought else can
save.

But why the quaint in humble life select,
And mystic meanings in rude mind detect?

Such musing mind of old, in all things saw
The presence of some God, not nature's law.
Dreams, feelings, impulses, hopes, fears were
still

Deem'd some Divinity's directing will.
E'en chickens could not eat, nor eagles fly,
But augurs heard some message from the sky.
Waste not thy genius on a vulgar tale;
'Tis making mystery in eating kail.
When Fancy with the allegories spoils
Our son-beam scriptures and, confusing, toils;
'Tis Halhed reading Homer, who perceives
The system of Lianzeus in its leaves.

Ofst as I roam along thy mountain vales,
The tones of Milton's harp my ear assail.
The lofty diction, and his loftier mind
Swell from thy touch, with grace and feeling
join'd.

Give them a subject worthy of their source;
Nor from the loon's dull soul vague nothings
force.

MOORE—

Our hearts, too moveable, incline so strong
To dang'rous throbs, they need no tempter's
song.

Prune and expunge whate'er the good and
wise,

Life's adamantine pillars! must despise.
Now, while thy thoughts with inspiration
swell,

Do what thou only canst accomplish well.

SHEE—

Good taste, just wit, rich talents, and the
flow

Of graceful diction, with the poet's glow,
Forbid me to forget that Shee inspires,
Art's sacred pencil and the Phœbean lyres.

In converse at his pallet or the board,
What streams of easy eloquence are pour'd!
The polish'd manner and the fluent mind,
In life, in art, in poetry combin'd!
Rare union of such affluence of powers!
So many muses dropping their best flowers!

Much good advice to poets is added
to these sketches, but we have not room
for further quotation. In the third Pro-
lusion, there is some good writing, and
though the following is an instance of
the author's visionary beatitudes, the
concluding lines are highly poetical.

So will the children of the sun attain
New tribes and Yncas, from their hills or
main.

And Chili's scarce-known mountaineers sur-
vey

A cultur'd race amid their vallies play.
Already has La Plata's social strife,
O'er Andes summits, pour'd the march of life:

And when no more war thunders round her
bed,

The arts of peace and love, its paths will
tread.

Soon Greece and Rome will be but specks of
light,

Brilliant, while earth was in barbaric night;
But fading, as the sun of mind extends
Its flood of day, to ocean's farthest ends.

With this too we must end: if Mr.
Turner affords all his readers as much
pleasure as he has bestowed upon us, we
need not recommend (with all their de-
fects) his interesting Prolusions.

DODWELL'S TOUR THROUGH GREECE.

[Continued.]

Having other interesting and original
references to Grecian literature in our
present sheet, we shall very cursorily
conclude what we have to say of Mr.
Dodwell's first volume; which is, indeed,
in its latter part, most topographically
tedious with respect to Attica and Athens.

A correspondent in our number 108,
inquired in what manner the Greeks

glazed or inclosed their windows at the time the Temple of Eretheus was built: the following extract will convey the information he wants, and probably be, at the same time, agreeable to general readers.

Stuart (speaking of the Erictheion) imagines that the windows were closed with transparent windows, or *phengites*: that stone, however, seems not to have been known until the time of Nero. They were, perhaps, closed with *lapis specularis*, which, though a general term, is commonly supposed to signify talc, or mica. Glass might even have been employed; but this was not likely; for though, in many parts of Greece, I discovered fragments of glass vases, and several glass bottles in the Athenian sepulchres, yet I never found any fragments perfectly flat, as the glass used in windows must be.

It is said, that a glass window almost entire, was discovered many years ago amongst the ruins of Pompeii; and it would appear from Pliny, that it was used by the Greeks as well as the Romans; but probably not in early times.

Mica, phengites, and horn were, according to the best evidence, (see Vopiscus, Seneca, and Tertullian) the earliest sorts of glazing. The invention of glass mirrors is also of uncertain date. The representations of metallic mirrors are found in the most ancient female sepulchres, and are even mentioned in Exodus. They were of bronze or mixed metals; but *specula* of glass are first mentioned in a work attributed to Alexander Aphrodisias, who lived about the end of the second century.

Mr. Dodwell notices the degeneracy of architecture among the Romans, who fell far short of their Grecian models, giving Ionic proportions to the tall and effeminate Doric, mixing the ornaments of these two orders, and amalgamating the Corinthian and Ionic in their meretricious composite. When we reflect on the purer taste of Attica, we read, with melancholy emotions, the following passage:

The site of many of the celebrated edifices of antiquity, cannot now be even conjectured with any degree of confidence.

About forty of the temples and public buildings, which are mentioned by Pausanias, have so totally disappeared, as not to have left a trace, by which it is possible to identify their situations.

Alas! for the perishable immortal works of man! Our superstitions and follies are longer lived.

While I (says Mr. D.) was drawing the outside of this sepulchral chamber (near Athens), two Turkish women arriving, seemed much disconcerted at my presence; and after some consideration and conference, desired me to

go about my business, as they had something of importance to do in the cave, and did not choose to be interrupted. When I refused to retire, they called me dog and infidel! One of the women then placed herself on the outside for fear I should intrude, while the other entered; and after she had remained there about ten minutes, they both went away together; warning me at my peril to enter the cave.

The Greek who was with me, said he was certain they had been performing magic ceremonies, as the cavern was haunted by the *Morpas*, or destinies, nothing would have tempted him to enter; and, when I was going in, he threw himself upon his knees, entreating me not to risk meeting the redoubted sisters; who, he was confident, were feasting on what the Turkish women had left for their repast. I found in the inner chamber a small feast, consisting of a cup of honey and white almonds, a cake, on a little napkin, and a vase of aromatic herbs burning, and exhaling an agreeable perfume. This votive offering was placed upon a rock, which was cut and flat at top, and was probably originally an altar or table, on which an annual sacrificial ceremony was performed by the relations of the deceased.

The Greek was terribly frightened, especially when the author gave the cake to the ass which carried his drawing apparatus, and the animal becoming unusually restive on their return home, and breaking the camera obscura, confirmed all his superstitious forebodings.

Almost every cavern about Athens has its particular virtues; and husbands, children, vengeance, &c. are sought by various offerings as the case may require. The latter is invoked, not by cakes and honey, but by rags of priests' garments, and the most dreadful of all, by secretly placing at night-time before the door of the hated person, a log of wood burnt at one end, with some hairs twisted about it. The honey of Attica (by the way) is still celebrated, and the monastery of Mount Pentelikon alone furnishes an annual supply of 9000 pounds, as a gift to the Seraglio at Constantinople.

We copy, in conclusion, some instructive remarks on the subject of sculptured lions, elicited by the view of a colossal marble lion near Mount Hymettos.

The number of sculptured lions seen in Attica, had probably some allegorical signification. Attica was an Egyptian colony, and many of its customs must have been imported from the mother country. The lion was one of the hieroglyphical personifications of water in Egypt, as the Nile is at the highest when the sun is in the zodiacal sign of the lion. This is clearly explained by Plutarch, who says, the lion was honoured, and its figure placed in temples, because the Nile overflowed when the sun was in the lion. Julius Pollux mentions the lion as guardian of fountains, *λεων κρηνοφυλαξ*;

and it was an ancient custom, which is still practised by the moderns, to make the water of fountains spout from the mouth of that animal.

We thus trace the multitude of lion fountains, in all parts of the world, to their original symbolical source.

We shall in ensuing numbers, probably commencing with our next, take up the second volume of Mr. Dodwell's work, which though, as we have already noticed, exceedingly prolix, furnishes many good extracts relative to a most interesting country. The impurities of his style become more obvious the more we peruse his lucubrations; and it is strange to see so great a multitude of vulgarisms in English Grammar, in a work which bears such laborious marks of learning and study.

The plates are numerous, interesting, and well executed.

ANCIENT VASES.

(Analysis of the Journal des Savans for May, 1819.)—Concluded.

Art. VIII.—Peintures Antiques de Vases Grecs, de la Collection de Sir John Coghill, Bart. publiées par James Millingen, Rome, 1818.

Mr. Millingen has been long honourably known as a learned and judicious antiquary; having published in 1812, a valuable collection of inedited Greek medals, in quarto; and in 1813 a collection of paintings of Greek vases in folio, with 63 plates, preceded by an introduction full of curious researches and observations. This present work is the more valuable, as the collection of Sir John Coghill has been lately brought to the hammer, and we believe, entirely dispersed. This precious collection had been formed by M. de Lalo, private treasurer to the late Queen of Naples; at his death it was purchased by Chevalier Rossi, and afterwards came into the hands of Sir John Coghill.

Mr. Millingen's present work contains in the introduction, some positive ideas on the manufacture of the Greek vases of baked earth; they are in a great measure contained in three letters written by M. de Rossi.

The site of some very great ancient cities is still a subject of dispute and learned research; and two or three thousand vases of baked earth, most of them made four or five centuries before the vulgar Era, are the ornament of our cabinets. The dry and argillaceous matter of which they are formed, the excavations in which they were contained, have insured to them, as it were, an eternal duration; whereas, if we except Herculaneum and Pompeii, the oxydation caused by the humidity of the earth, has every where destroyed almost all vases of bronze.

During the last century and a half, collections have been formed of painted Greek vases: endeavours have been made to guess at the processes employed by the potters; but time alone has revealed them to us. It

was necessary to possess a very great number to discover among them some, which showed vestiges of the first labour; and to have eyes sufficiently exercised to be able to recognise and describe them: it is only within these few years that this could be done.

First a clay was chosen, in which baking would produce the colour desired, red, black, or yellow. When this clay was not to be had, they introduced into that which they were forced to employ, ochres (oxyds of iron) to produce the colour. The vase thus formed was placed in the oven, where the first baking gave it so much consistency, that the fluid colours would not sink in. From the hands of the potter these vases were transferred to those of the painter. The painter traced upon them, with a metal point, in dotted lines, the oval of the head and the parts of the limbs which were to be covered by the drapery; sometimes this sketch is done with a coloured line, but of a colour different from that of the ground: then he designed round this oval and the other dotted lines, with the pencil, a broad black line. This sketch and first operation are still visible on two vases in this collection, but they are generally hidden by the colours, which were laid on flat without degradation. Those vases are considered as the most ancient which are of only one colour, that of the clay of which they are made. Soon after they were painted black: hence comes the name of *Alabastr*, which Hesychius gives to the vases placed in the tombs; and the poor retained the use of them, while the rich employed those which were adorned with figures. The most common vases are still sought after on account of the beauty of the forms.

The vases adorned with painted figures are those which are the most highly valued. Antiquaries are agreed in considering as the most ancient, those of which the ground is yellow (the colour of box), and the animals painted on them, oftener than human figures, of a brick red. Mr. Dodwell found several in tombs near Corinth: the inscriptions painted upon some of them indicate the highest antiquity.

The vases of the second period have a yellow or white ground, and the figures are black; their inscriptions are for the most part not to be read; the drawing is incorrect; the figures want life and expression; the subjects represented are frequently inexplicable, because the vases are anterior to the fourth century, when Zeuxis created and caused to be generally adopted, constant modes of painting the gods and heroes. It is believed that the second sort of vases is that which was most generally imitated in the following ages, from love of Archaism.

The ground of the vases of the third sort is black; the figures are yellow or red; these are the most common.

Sometimes we find on the Greek vases, blue, green, carmine, and even gilding. The white colour was added on the painting in the accessories, as well as the inscriptions; hence it happens that they have often

been in part rubbed off. The white colour was partly made of white lead.

A second baking fixed the colours on the vases, and gave them that bright varnish which distinguishes the most precious of them. As for ordinary vases, a varnish was given to the whole ground before the baking, which in this case was not followed by a second.

The figures were generally copies, and not original, of the invention of the painters of the vases. M. de Rossi thinks we may infer this from the circumstance, that no painting is found in which the artist has corrected himself, that is to say, where he has departed from the dotted lines, or even changed any attitude.

Such are the mechanical details of the manufacture and painting; which was the part least known.

Very different judgments have been passed on the painters of the Greek vases of baked earth, or rather on the designers; for the name of painters should be reserved for those who create their subjects, and not mere copyists.* If we examine the variety, the elegance of the draperies, the beauty of the figures, the exactness of the proportions, we shall own that these designers have some merit, especially when we consider that the figures drawn on the convexity of the vases, and in the concavity of the Patera, are in true perspective, so that they may not appear deformed: this is so true, that if we trace the outline of one of these figures, and lay it on a plane surface, it will seem to lean backwards, to fall: (it is the art of the painter of ceilings.) On the other hand, the extremities of these beautiful figures (the hands and feet) are drawn with as much negligence, as we find in the pictures of savage nations. The designers (or drawers), were therefore not painters, properly so called; they were indifferent copyists: and the paintings on the Greek vases are not originals, but copies of pictures, bas-reliefs, or statues which had acquired celebrity.

How could these designers make a collection of studies of these fine works? What substances did they employ in lieu of our different kinds of pencils, of our transparent paper? &c. It is probable that our mode of tracing was unknown to them, by which the most moderate artists trace faithful copies; what process did they use in its place? Perhaps they made sketches of the pictures which they intended to imitate, or of those which they had seen on their travels. Hence it comes that in the paintings on vases, the principal parts are well executed, and the extremities are very incorrect. Having trusted the latter merely to their memory, they were incapable of drawing them faithfully. M. de Rossi il-

* Though we have in this place used the words *painters* and *designers* as in the French, it is not because we consider them as properly expressing the meaning intended, but rather because we could not fully make up our mind in the choice of two single words exactly corresponding. In fact, *designer*, from its root *designa*, seems more strongly indicative of invention, than *painter* does.—Ed.

lustrates this idea by a striking example. The potters of Urbino, the native town of Raphael, adorned their ware with subjects designed by that great master and his pupils; we recognise them by the nobleness of the style, by the spirit of the design: but how far is the execution from equalling the subject!

Notwithstanding the imperfections of the paintings on the Greek vases, the study of them must be very useful to our artists: they will find means to form their taste in the nobleness, the simplicity of the compositions, in the grace, the energy, the just expression of the attitudes. It is there we find true models of the folds of draperies, not only in figures at rest, such as statues, but also in figures that are in motion.

The name of *Sicilian vases* is improperly given to those in which the figures are distinguished from the ground by their black or dark colour, (whereas in the others, the figures are yellow on a dark ground,) and which are found in other places besides Sicily. This mode recalls to mind the invention of painting, the imitation of the shadow on a wall: the style of design is barbarous and incorrect; hence many antiquaries have assigned them the highest antiquity. They would have been in the right, if they had said that this style, appearing to be appropriated to masquerades, caricatures, and the like, was probably imitated at all times in subjects of this kind. What evidently proves it is, that the manufacture of these vases, the elegance of their forms are the same as in the vases of the finest style, the vases of Nola; the same must be said of the ornaments which accompany the figures, flowers, festoons, &c., which are the same, and equally elegant. However, what we most frequently see on the vases called *Sicilian*, are Bacchanalia; that is to say, masquerades, orgies, caricatures, for which this kind of painting was perfectly adapted; and was probably affected to be retained for these subjects, from a spirit of religion. The Athenian coins afford a similar instance of affectation of archaism.

Since I have spoken of the festivals of Bacchus, I must speak also of the mysteries and initiations, because there has been established, since the time of Passeri and Montfaucon, an opinion, which ascribes all the painted vases to the initiated, whom they accompanied in the tombs. Mr. Millingen has successfully refuted this opinion. First, it is not founded on the authority of any ancient author. When we discover a collection of tombs, all containing vases, more or less precious, will it be asserted that all the dead, whose remains are contained in these tombs, were initiated in the mysteries of Bacchus? What shall we say of those of children, who could not have been admitted to initiation, and which also contain vases?

For what reason were vases placed in, or near the tombs? The Greeks burned or interred the dead indifferently: as is proved by the vases containing bones and ashes, placed in some tombs, which are surrounded

by other tombs, in which the dead are laid upon leaves. The first tombs contain fragments of vases, which were broken when they were thrown upon the funeral pile; those fragments were gathered up with the ashes, and bear evident marks of the action of fire. The vases improperly called *Lachrymatories*, which are found in the tombs, and the urns of the Romans, have the same origin. Their arms were interred with warriors, the appendages of the toilet with women; with both, the vases which had been valued; which had contained the wine, the oil, the milk, the perfumes used on the bodies, the central water which served for the purifications, the portion of the funeral repast which was consecrated to the dead, &c. Some placed these vases carefully in the tombs, others threw them in and broke them: hence the many fragments of vases, which the restorers artfully collect, filling up the vacancies with other pieces which they dexterously paint. (This fraud may be detected by applying acids to the newly painted parts.)

It is not my design to retrace the history of the discovery of the painted Greek vases, either at Corinth in the time of Julius Cæsar, or in Etruria and Campania, on the revival of learning, because these details are to be found in numerous works; nor to repeat the explanations of the paintings and of the inscriptions which Lanzi has judiciously restored for the most part to the Greek fables. I cannot however pass over in silence the explanation given by M. Akerblad, of the frequently repeated inscription *ΜΟΝΑΤΕ ΚΑΛΟΙΣ*, which Mazzochi, Millin, &c. have read the beautiful *Hopôis*. M. Akerblad reads *Η Ο ΠΑΙΣ ΚΑΛΟΣ* (*ô pais kalos*) the beautiful Child.

After giving just praise to the two collections of painted Greek vases by Mr. Millingen, I must speak of those published in France by M. Dubois de Maisonneuve. The first appeared in two vols. folio, with explanations by the late M. Millin, under the title of *Peintures de Vases*. The public will doubtless receive with equal satisfaction, the new collection publishing by the same gentleman, under the title of "Introduction à l'étude des Vases Antiques d'Argile Peints," &c. and of which three numbers have been published out of the eight which the work is to contain.

GERTRUDE VONDER WART.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

Among those who were accused as accomplices in the assassination of the Emperor Albert by John of Swabia, was the Baron Vonder Wart, though according to the unanimous testimony of earlier and later historians, he had not taken any immediate part in the deed itself. He was bound alive to the wheel. His wife Gertrude, did not forsake her unhappy husband even in his last moments, and she describes those dreadful hours in the following letter to Margarethe Freianstein, which is inserted in a book published at Haarlem in 1818, under the following title; "Gertrude Vonder Wart, or

Fidelity till Death, a true history, of the 14th century, by J. C. Appenzeller."

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown all over it.—"I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!" he exclaimed continually. "When day breaks, if you should be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? Oh God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings."

"I will die with you; 'tis for that I come, and no power shall force me from you," said I, and spread out my arms over him; and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us: I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot, and as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for at day break all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

Among these people I recognised the gaoler, who had given me up the preceding evening to Von Landenberg. The report must also have reached him, that I had been with my husband, for he approached me shaking his head, and said: "Woman! this was not the intention when Landenberg fetched you yesterday!"

As more people approached, I saw also several women of my acquaintance, among them was the wife of the bailiff Hugo Von Winterthur: I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

"He dare not do any thing for me," sighed Wart upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes—"He dare not do any thing; the Queen pronounced the sentence; and the bailiff must therefore obey: otherwise I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness."

Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me, but I could take nothing; for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased: I recognised also the sheriff Steiner Von Pfungen, with his two sons Conrad and Datikon; also a Madame Von Neftenbach, who was praying for us.

The executioner came also; then Lamprecht the confessor; the first said with a sigh: "God have compassion with this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!" the latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he

had called out to the Queen before the tribunal at Bruck. The priest was silent.

All at once I heard a cry of "make way!" and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down.

The executioner kneeled, the confessor laid his hand upon his breast, the horsemen halted. Fathers and Mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, "Whither are the crows flown that he still keeps his eyes?" and this was duke Leopold.

My heart ceased to beat, when another knight with a scornful smile said; "Let him writhe as long as he has feeling! but then people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she here, who so increases the howling, who is she? what does the woman want? away with her!"

I now recognised the voice of the Queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain that it was Agnes.

"It is Wart's wife!" I heard a third knight say. "Last night when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us; and I must find her here then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the moat of the castle. We have been seeking since this morning early. God! what faithful love. Let her alone; nothing can be done with her."

I here recognised the mild tempered youth, Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

Well, Gertrude! cried a fourth tome, "will you not yet take rational advice? do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it."

Who was this, Margaretha? I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me at Bruck, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, "God! this is too much! cease!"

Agnes made a sign to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death. But in vain! two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven; it was granted me.

Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. "Cease to humble her! such fidelity is not found on earth; angels in Heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away."

They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the Queen: he could now listen to the voice of nature and weep with me. "I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished! your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in heaven, for this world

will forget it. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life," said he—gave me his hand and departed.

Every body now left the place except the executioner and the guard: evening came on, and at length silent night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling, joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

One of the guard now brought me a cloak to protect me against the wind because it was night; but I got upon the wheel and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair, his lips were dry. I fetched him some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaretha, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours!

But I lay, as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God's Angels and the Saints, continually praying near the wheel on which my whole world reposed.

During this time my thoughts were with God. As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger in my heart. But I remember the Holy Virgin, how she too had suffered under the cross of her Son, and consoled myself with the hope that after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of Heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I know too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged of me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent; permit me to pass over in silence.—A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words; *Gertrude, this is fidelity till death*, and expired.—On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me to remain faithful to the end.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LITERATURE OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

Some more specimens of the literature of our Greek contemporaries, namely two poetical works printed at Vienna last year, have been sent to us from that city, partly by the kindness of M. Theokletos Pharmakides, editor of the New Greek Vienna Journal, *Hermes o Logios*, partly through M. de Manussi, who has now returned to Vienna from his tour through Greece and the Levant: these specimens may serve as a proof that the modern Greek literature, as well as that of other nations, is in a state of progressive improvement, and that though it is still in its infancy, it has already obtained an honourable eminence. The first

of these works is a tragedy; Timoleon, by John Zampelius, a native of Leucadia. The work is dedicated to the well-known and meritorious philologist, Kosay, a native of the island of Chios, residing at Paris. It is in five acts, in the antique trimeter verse, and seems not to be without beauties. The scene is not laid in Syracuse, but in Corinth, the subject being the Assassination of Timoleon's brother, Timophanes, the Tyrant of Corinth, who obstinately persevered in his despotic and blood-thirsty government in spite of his brother's repeated admonitions. The author promises, in the preface, to publish two other tragedies; *Constantine Paleologus*, the last Emperor of Greece; and another, *Georgios Kastriotas*, (better known by the name of Scanderbeg.)

The second work bears in the Greek (or rather the Romaic) the title of "Miscellaneous, Moral, and other Poems, published by Hesi Daouti of Tyrnabos in Thessaly, and printed at the expense of his worthy and honoured friends, Paris Demetrios Pamphilos of Tyrnabos, and Demetrios Soter Malakozoglos of Rhodosto in Thrace," printed at Vienna by Barth. The work is dedicated to the celebrated poet Georgios Sakallarios of Adrianople, and contains poems, in the most various kinds of verse, by several authors, who are not named: among them are translations from Voltaire, &c. In the preface, the editor promises shortly to publish two volumes of translations of German poems into modern Greek.

The best poet among the descendants of the ancient Greeks, is thought to be Athanasios Christopoulos, who has been called the Anacreon of our times, and of whose poems a new edition appeared at Vienna in 1818, which, with the collection of Sakallarios, also lies before us. In general the Greeks of our days can now produce considerable works in all the departments of poetry. Of their lyric and dramatic poetry we have already spoken (want of room hinders us from mentioning by name odes, hymns, comedies, melodramas, &c. which belong to these two classes). In the epic department, modern Greek possesses a poem containing a description of the war between the Russians and the Turks, in the Morea, from 1770 to 1774, and which has been noted for the cruelties attending it: the author is unknown. Another epic poem in eight cantos, likewise by an anonymous author, contains the history of the well-known Ali casha. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" has been translated into new Greek by Demetrios Gutzeli, and was printed at Vienna in 1807.—In didactic poetry we distinguish a small work "On Music," by Metrophanes; little however has been done in this branch. Satires have been written by Jacobos Rizzi, Epistles by Sakallarios, Romances and Tales by Athanasios Psalidas (who speaks six languages), Military Songs by the patriotic Rega, whose friend Koronios murdered, together with him translated Gesner and Florian. We pass over many translations into new Greek, as Goldoni's Comedies, &c.

The Prose department is cultivated with equal diligence, Athanasios of Paros has

written upon Rhetoric, the Historian Dorotheos of Mitylene is almost placed on a par with Thucydides and Xenophon; another has written a History upon America: there are several Editors of newspapers and other periodical publications. In the departments of Biography, Epistles, pulpit Oratory, and in general of elevated prose, several respectable, for the most part still living writers, have produced good Original Works as well as translations.—The four main divisions of knowledge, Theology, Philosophy, Medicine, and Jurisprudence, with their branches, have been successfully cultivated, and are daily enriched, as might easily be shown by an enumeration of the authors and their works; only in jurisprudence it must be owned, very little has yet appeared. The same may be said of the literature of the Fine Arts; and that there are so few practical artists among the modern Greeks, may be easily explained.

If the charm of antiquity, the genuine old Greek manner, the obscure back ground of remote ages, (the foil of every thing antique) is and must be wanting to the above-mentioned works, because they are new, their merit cannot be disputed. Certainly the modern Greeks have shown themselves worthy of their ancestors, and exert themselves to support the ancient glory of their nation. May a benevolent genius take up the cause of this people, of whose character we hardly knew any thing 20 years ago, that they may not wholly sink under the fetters of a foreign power!

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRICAL LIGHT.

HALLE, Aug. 12.—Professor Meinicke, of this University, has succeeded in producing a beautiful illumination, by means of electricity and a factitious air, which does not burn but only shines, inclosed in glass tubes. As electricity may be propagated ad infinitum, it will in future be possible, by means of a single electrical machine, and application of the proper apparatus, to light up a whole city.

NEW INVENTION FOR LIGHTING THE STAGE.

A skilful mathematician at Naples, who is a great admirer of the dramatic Muse, has invented an admirable method of lighting the stage. The contrivance consists of a large glass globe, which gives the brightest light to the stage, however large it may be. The light, like the sun, rises on that side of the stage which is considered as the east; ascends gradually to the meridian elevation, and then descends to set on the west side. This light has the closest resemblance to that of the natural day. The inventor promises, by another contrivance, to produce a perfect imitation of night (we presume of moon-light). By this very simple contrivance, the foreground and interior of the theatre are sufficiently lighted, and the inconvenience of having the light come from below is avoided. The unpleasant effect of the usual mode of lighting the stage, is generally acknowledged. Besides that so strong a glare hurts the eyes of the specta-

tors, it gives the countenances of the actors a very strange and unnatural appearance. This new invention, therefore, if it fulfils its promise and description, is certainly very valuable, and deserves to be generally introduced.

Some thermal and mineral springs have lately been discovered at about a league from Montiers (Mont Blanc), in a wild tract of country call the *village of Buths*. From a tradition very general among the oldest inhabitants of the district, the place is supposed to have received its name from having once (though at what period cannot be determined) contained mineral waters celebrated for the many wonderful cures they effected. These waters have, for a length

of time, been hidden by the Doran, a river which originally flowed at some distance from the spot; but which, owing to some revolution of nature, suddenly departed from its natural course, and took the direction of the spring above mentioned. Thus, to a second and more fortunate revolution, is owing the recovery of this valuable treasure.

BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

M. Cordier, Engineer in Chief of the Bridges and Causeways of France, having lately journeyed through England, has published a work entitled *A History of the Internal Navigation of Great Britain and France*, from which we extract the following, not a little erroneous and partial.

Comparative Table, showing the Extent, Population, Riches, Debts, Revenues, and Imposts of England and France, in 1819.

	Great Britain and Ireland.	France.
Superficies	21,114,000 hectometres	52,000,000
Population	12,600,000 individuals	29,327,000
Valuation of agricultural capital	61,000,000,000 francs	37,512,000,000
Rough produce of agriculture	3,875,000,000	4,679,000,000
Net produce of agriculture	1,461,300,000	1,345,000,000
Rough produce of manufacturing industry	2,250,000,000	1,404,000,000
Profit to manufacturers		182,000,000
Number of horses, mules, and mares above four years old	1,818,000	1,657,000
Item, bulls, cows, and heifers	7,200,000	4,682,000
Item, sheep	40,860,000	35,189,000
Valuation of exportations	1,000,000,000	370,000,000
Cottons imported and manufactured	25,000,000	10,500,000
Total amount of the public debt	20,000,000,000	3,050,000,000
Interest of the public debt	1,000,000,000	232,000,000
Revenues, or charges of the state, including the public debt in time of peace	1,500,000,000	839,210,000
Revenues of private individuals, the charges reduced	81,00,000,000	827,790,000

It is unnecessary to point out how much Mr. Cordier has, in almost every item, diminished the British and elevated the French scale. Our population is rated 2½ millions below the standard, and that of France raised probably 4½ millions above it. But even with this flagrant miscalculation on all points, it is curious to mark the relative state of the countries in some of the contrasts. For example: There are in England, in the proportion of more than half an ox or cow for every person; in France, only half a quarter of a beast to each. We have about three sheep and a half a piece—they, little more than a sheep. We therefore beat them hollow in beef and mutton, articles of great use in the victualling department. And, seriously, this fact indicates a state of things which will tend, unless counteracted, to the total destruction of these animals in France, while in England the stock so far exceeds the demand, that it must augment in the same ratio in which our neighbours' would disappear; for their stock is below the amount of annual consumption, and the capital and breed must consequently diminish every year with an accelerating velocity. In England, the agricultural produce is nearly as much for one, as in France for three. We have a horse for every sixth individual, while there is but one for about every nineteenth person in France. It is the same with regard to manufactures, &c.;

and thus, even on the face of M. Cordier's own showing (so favourable to his country), it is astonishing to observe how much of wealth and abundance we possess, in comparison with one of the finest and richest nations in the world.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In the Literary Gazette of the 21st of August, page 530, third column, in an extract from Dodwell's Tour, you say, or he says, 'We dined at a round table of copper tinned, called, in the Turkish language, *siny*.' Now *siny* is not a Turkish, but an Arabic word, and it signifies *brass*; copper is called *n'has*; tin is called *ukesdeer*.

Page 538—Under the title of Original Correspondence, you announce a work to be published from the Arabic; but I suspect much if the translator is acquainted poetically with the Arabic language, for if he was, he would not call Shek El Hage Kassem, *Hagg Cassem*, nor would he call Mohamed, *Mohamel*; nor is it possible, that a translator of Arabic, if he understands the language, should call Timbuctoo, *Tombuctoo*; this latter appellation will do very well in London or Paris, but it is unintelligible and ridiculous in all countries where they speak the Arabic language.

If any notice is taken of this letter, I shall address you again, whenever an investiga-

tion of truth respecting Arabic matters may call my attention.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES G. JACKSON.

Circus, Minorics, Aug. 24.

THE FINE ARTS.

MONUMENT OF BLUCHER.

The bronze statue of Prince Blucher, which has been executed under the superintendence of M. Shadon, of Berlin, was erected at Rostock, on the 26th of August. The Prince holds the field-marshal's baton in his right hand, whilst his left rests on the hilt of his sword. The dress is simply a tunic, of which the sword-belt forms the girdle. On the pedestal, which is nine feet six inches high, appear various inscriptions in the German character. The quantity of bronze employed in the completion of this statue, is estimated at 17,400 pounds. It stands in the centre of a railed enclosure on the grand square of Rostock.

MR. CHANTREY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Parnassus, 30th Aug. 1819.

SIR,—One of your Poetical Correspondents in the last Literary Gazette, page 555, has committed an extraordinary blunder in attributing Chantrey's statue of Lady Louisa Russel to Canova. It would be doing great injustice to the fair fame of our Sculptor to allow this error to pass uncorrected.

Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

We feel much obliged to the writer of the above Note. As we read the demumination of the Poetical Correspondent alluded to, a suspicion glanced across our minds that the statue described was that which we so much admired when it was at Somerset House.—We are persuaded Mr. Chantrey will believe that nothing can at any time be further from our wish than an attempt to diminish the reputation of a native Artist; and more especially that of one, of whose genius the country is so justly proud, and whom we have ever regarded with the greatest respect.—Ed.

POETRY.

Under the title of an "Epistle to Thomas Moore, Esq. in imitation of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal," there has been printed and handed about among literary friends, a work consisting of 246 lines, and limited to 50 copies. It is, therefore, a rare production, what ever opinions may be formed of its merits: and, as in the case of Mr. Legh's and Lord Erskine's privately circulated poems, of which we were fortunate enough to obtain impressions, we hold ourselves bound in giving this to the public, to abstain from every thing like critical opinions—satisfied that in many such instances, good and bad, we shall best perform our part by simply reprinting such curious matters when they fall in our way, without a comment.

EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In imitating this Satire, it has been rendered necessary, in order to make it agree with the fact, to change the language of reproach to the person to whom it was addressed, into that of praise. And, at the same time, no censure is of course meant to be thrown on Mr. Moore's creditors, who have not been, intentionally, the cause of his misfortunes.

¹ Wrong still is wrong—but most so in the eyes Of him who does it:—the offender tries His own cause justly—right resumes her throne,

Though judge and jury make the day his own.

² Yes, Moore, the debt of sympathy is paid To worth deceived, and artless faith betray'd; And still we hope, for thee and us remain, Mines of thy fancy, ingots of thy brain; Whilst safe from cockpit law the muses guard The wealth, already funded, of the bard.

Nor can we think, although for thee we feel,

³ Thy case the lowest yet in Fortune's wheel.

⁴ What day so sacred that shall fail to give

Spawn of the arts by which th' unworthy live?

⁵ The gains which perfidy and force afford

To those who wear the gown or wield the sword?

⁶ Not all the metals which the ancients knew,

Nor those, (I know not yet), to Davy due,

Can give a name to this—the paper age:—

Paper, the child of speculating rage,

Paper, the emblem of a licens'd cheat,

Which rogues more bold unlicens'd counter-

feit:

Whilst we, the simple populace, applaud

If Manning* kindly moderates the fraud!

In ancient times the sage, supremely wise,

Could boast that gold was worthless in his eyes;

Away with gold! exclaim our new projectors,

B—t, S—n—r, and the Bank Directors;

The Greek, 'tis true, of virtue's pow'r would vapour,

Our ages trust in promissory paper!

⁷ Yet, still for faith on God and man we cry,

And raise our callow clamour to the sky,

As when young P—the Commons tried to balk,

And make his goods of cotton pass for silk!

⁸ Some daring think that all is moved by chance;

That wand'ring atoms, in unguided dance,

Built the nice fabric of our eyes and ears,

And tuned untanght the music of the spheres.

Nor asks it mighty labour to be wise,

One tale of travellers their wit applies,

One fallacy from Bayle decides the whole,

¹ Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur ipsi

Dispicit auctori.

² Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti De scelere?

³ — e medio Fortunæ ductus æervo.

⁴ Que tam festa dies ut cesset prodere furem,

⁵ Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum

Quæsitum et partos gladio vel pyxide num-

mos?

⁶ Nonne utas agitur, peioraque sæcula ferri

Temporibus: quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa

Nomen et a nullo posuit natura metallo.

⁷ Manning, part for the whole.

⁸ Not hominum divumq. fidem clamore clemus

Quanto Fœdium laudat vocalis agentem

Spertula—

⁹ Sunt in Fortune qui casibus omnia possant

Et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri....

Blots out the Deity, and unmakes the soul. What joy to them from their own Alps to throw

A glance on man involved in fogs below! How needless then appear religious cares, How vain our praises, and how base our prayers!

Bound to no great Creator for their place, They own no master in the fields of space: Divine commands impose no vow sincere, Neglected duty, no repentant tear!

No dread Omniscience marks their guilty hour, Earth has no law! Omnipotence no power! Others there are, who dread the wrath of heaven,

Nor yet refrain, nor hope to be forgiven; But strong temptation binds them as a spell, "Let us be rich," they cry, "and then to hell!"

So weak is reason struggling with desire, And present wealth outweighs eternal fire. 'Tis thus Lampridius defies the pains Of gont unmoved, whilst *Huison's* dram remains;

For what avails to have the praise of wit, And not to know the *casselle* and the spit? And then, if guilt is punish'd here below,

¹² The wrath of heav'n, though great, is surely slow: Next, if the thunder falls on all who sin, The bolt with me will surely not begin:

Many are worse than I. My errors too May be excused, for pardon I may sue: And then, how various is the fate of those,

Whose equal guilt no shade of difference knows: Of two, whose crimes all suff'rance have out-grown,

¹³ One decks a gibbet, and one mounts a throne." 'Tis thus the world confirms a desp'rate mind,

With hope to baffle heav'n, and cheat mankind: Luke hastes to trial, quite prepar'd to swear, Or in the house his innocence declare:

¹⁴ He who brings impudence in aid of wrong, To many seems in conscious virtue strong.

How few, like Moore, can see without dismay, Their worldly stock to alien hands a prey!

We wear our face of mourning for a friend, But grieve in truth our money at an end.

¹⁶ And yet 'tis scarcely matter for surprise If hawks tear doves, and knaves succeed by lies:

If some, too, fond of a beloved horse, Conceal his age to fit him for the course;

⁹ Est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur Hic putat esse Deos, et pejerat, atque ita secum:

¹⁰ Decernat quodcumque volet de corpore nostro Isis, et irato feriat mea lumina sistro, Dummodo vel cæcus teneam quos abnego nummos.

¹¹ — locupletem optare podagram Nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra....

¹² Ut sit magna tamen certe lenta ira Deorum est.

¹³ Ille crucem sceleris pretium talit, hic diadema.

¹⁴ Nam cum magna male superest audacia cause Creditur a multis fiducia.

¹⁵ Ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris. Sed si cuncta vides simili fore plang querela.

If others sell their hunter, swear he's sound, Although two feet with pain can touch the ground;

¹⁷ If gifted with prophetic eye for money, Hal gets a loan, the world declares it funny, Ah, lucky Hal, with money still to spend! Ah, hapless Vossius, ever doom'd to lend!

Worse things than this our age must now bemoan, Some fire their neighbour's house, and some their own!

How many rob from indolence or lust; How many clerks betray their master's trust, Nay, those to whom our country lends her name,

Barter her honour and degrade her fame, Pledging our people to a people's cause, To shield their churches, to defend their laws!

And then, oh shameful thought! for some vain plume, Some empty right, which rightless Turks assume,

Sell the proud title to a people's heart Inestimable! See the Greek depart; But ere he go, he throws a tearful glance

On that tall pillar where the Turk's advance, Or fell, or fled—to him a joy untold As Marathon to Athens gave of old—

But ere he go he breathes a parting sigh, As the last sparks of Grecian freedom die! But ere he go, he sheds a parting tear,

As the last Christian emblems disappear! But ere he go he seeks his father's grave, Collects the last sad relics of the brave,

Then fires the pile, of home and hope bereft, Least tyrant hands pollute what worms have left!

¹⁹ These things, I say, no more should raise our wonder. Than rain in Scotland, or in summer thunder, Thau finding Spaniards brown, Italians civil,

French wines delicious, German inns the devil. But shall low fraud, and perjury check'd,

Despoil the good? say those who would affect Great love of right, who, for pure justice sail, Losing the debt the needy debtor take,

Leave his sad wife his folly to bewail, And bid the wretched bankrupt rot in jail! Poor, mean revenge, yet lame and incomplete,

No farthing paid—²¹ aye, but revenge is sweet—

²² So argue those whose soul is all on fire, Without a cause, or scarce a cause for ire! But not from these should pious Christians learn,

Whom their divine Redeemer bade return For evil good—²⁴ and with his latest prayer Desired his rash disciple to forbear!

Revenge is sweet—²⁵ yes, to a little mind, With grovelling eye to narrow views confin'd,

¹⁷ Si decies lectis diversâ parte tabellis. Conductum latronem incendia sulfure cepit Atque dolo, primos cum janna colligit ignes.

¹⁹ Quis tantum guttur miratur in Alpibus? Nullane perjuri capitis fraudisque nefanda Poena erit? abruptum crede hunc graviore catenâ

Protinus, et nostro (quid plus velit ira) necari Arbitrio. Manet illa tamen jactura.

²¹ At vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsa. Nempe hoc inducti quorum præcordia nulli Interdum, aut levibus videas flagrantia exco-

²³ Chrysippus non dicet idem. Qui partem acceptæ sævis inter vincia clemens Accusatori nollet dare.

²⁵ — quippe minuti

24 Like a savage and a female joy—
The noble scorn, the good forgive, the weak
destroy.

But why suppose that those who leap the
net

Of law, escape? No, though the world forget,
The deed will still on conscious memory live,
And he who did the act cannot forgive;

25 A hidden rod inflicts a mental smart,
And furies lash the blood-drops from the
heart;

By day he knows no joy, by night no rest,
And bears the fatal witness in his breast.

26 Beware attempted sin—ah, know ye not
Of crime in thought the heav'n appointed lot?

For this the Roman daughter rais'd her knife,
And justly too—against her father's life:

Then when 'tis point had drank at his heart's
core,

And he who gave her being was no more,
Her soul recoil'd—she wish'd in vain for grief,
And found disgraceful death her sole relief.

27 For this to man the mandate high was given,
Sin not in thought—the perfect word of
heaven—

28 Thoughts unresisted soon to action lead,
And with occasion quicken into deed—

But if the sword o'er wrong intention hangs,
To crime completed, what a world of pangs!

29 Amid the feast the wicked sees embrood
His hands with blood, and loathing turns from
food!

30 Gm'rous in vain your richest grape you pour,
Wormwood to him is all the cellar's store.

31 Seek he by night the rest to peasants cheap?
Deprived of innocence he knows not sleep,

32 But slumbers restless—then awakes in pain,
And all his misery begins again—

His breast is like a prison, where the time
Is spent in planning or reviewing crime;

33 Courage and shame contend with rival force,
And dice and drunkenness shut out remorse.

34 Bad men at first with swelling sail proceed,
The heat which prompted justifies the deed;

35 But ah! how soon the sense of right returns,
If paley shakes them, or if fever burns;

36 Alarm'd, they dread a God in every blast,
And think each day of mortal pain the last;

37 Their strength regain'd, their course anew be-
gins,

38 They seek fresh vices, sink to deeper sins;
39 None e'er began with guilt did not go on;

40 The blush once banish'd is for ever gone;
Prepar'd with shame, but not with law to cope,

41 Crime finds its natural limit in a rope;

Semper et infirmi est animi, exiguique volup-
tas.

Utio—

26 vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet quam femina.

27 Surdo verbera cadit.

28 Nocte dieque suo gestare in pectore testem.

29 Haud impositum quondam ore quod dubi-
taret.

30 Haec patitur prenas peccandi sola voluntas.

31 Nam sedas intra se tacitum qui coegetat ullum
Facti crimen habet cedo, si conata peregit?

32 Perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore ces-
sat,

33 Nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem.

34 Cum scelus admittunt superest constantia.

— nam quis.

Peccandi finem imposuit sibi? quando re-
cepit.

Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?

35 Dabit in laqueum vestigia noster.

36 Perfidus—

24 Yet some repent—'tis true, some few re-
pent,

Some with that word give other passions
vent—

25 'Twas thus that Barebone whilst young blood
had away,

Wander'd from play to drink—from drink to
play—

Till in some idle, unprovided hour,
(Short interregnum of the evil power)

Placed on the border line of either vice,
Satiate with wine, not yet awake to dice,

Unsettled vapours o'er his brain arise,
And heated slumbers close his blood-shot eyes.

Then some strange vision, Angel, Devil, Ghost,
That which he hated, loath'd, and fear'd the
most,

Streams like a meteor o'er his troubled sense,
And looming hugely in an air so dense,

Appals the wond'ring eye, speaks like a knell,
Proclaims repentance, and denounces hell.

The rest to tell be his, I spare my speech,
His house displays him, and his manners
preach.

The tall thin door, just wash'd skin-deep with
paint,

Stiff on its hinges well bespeaks the saint;
No cheerful fires with roasting joint prepare

To give one day of joy for six of care;
The lonely cook sits by the lifeless coals,

And dirty knives are mix'd with broken rolls.
In sullen fear, the fourth commandment kept,

The beds unmade; the dining-room unswept;
The windows clos'd! the shutters open'd half;

The children glum, afraid to play or laugh;
The house-maid slattern and the porter sleep-

ing,

The hall in silence, and the parlour weeping;
Tell that these walls religious souls enclose;

Who celebrate the day their Saviour rose.
See Barebone's self—a pious waste he stands,

With uprais'd eyes and intermingled hands;
Behold him chuckle, as he views his friends,

That not to them the vital grace extends;
That he alone is doom'd the charm to hold,

That turns our mortal day to sacred gold;
That he alone in heaven is called to shine,

Ingenious alchymist in things divine;
No wonder then the eye with rapture wild,

Scorns our vain life by stain of earth defil'd,
By gleams of pride the secret hope displays,

Proclaims the world renounc'd, the flesh be-
trays.

Disguis'd, not chang'd, directed, not con-
troul'd,

Self-love and arrogance maintain their hold.
Whilst youth expands the bosom with delight,

Then passion sways, and justice takes her
flight:

But when the cup of joy is quaff'd to dregs,
And wasted nature for a respite begs,

Then sensual fires, which late had flam'd so
fierce,

Glimmer by starts—anon they fail to pierce
Th' incumbent mass of ease, fatigue, and age:

The rake reforms; behold him now a sage,
Vow he'll respect a God he never knew;

And that he will not what he cannot do.
Thus life's frail garment worn to rotten

thread,

We view the dreadful mansions of the dead;
Then fear is victor, and her slave obeys,

Performs lip-service, mock submission pays—

* What follows is added, which is necessary,
as Juvenal had declared there was no "pec-
candi finis!" What is added, relates to false
repentance.

No more—from heaven nothing lies conceal'd,
27 There thought is heard, and darkness is re-
veal'd—

27 Nec surdum nec Tiresiam quinquam esse
Deorum.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XXIX.

BORROWING.*

After many "not at homes" my appoint-
ment was attended to; and, on my arrival
at the gate, every thing flew open to wel-
come me. The porter and the footman
made me their best and most obsequious
bows; and I was ushered into the Baronet's
dressing room.

There was he seated, in a robe de cham-
bre, all self-satisfaction and affectation, a
political pamphlet in his hand, and a hun-
dred letters scattered around him. "Pity
me, my dear friend," cried he, "for being
thus overwhelmed; but, betwixt parliamen-
tary business, the care of my estates, a con-
stant looking-out in order to prevent my
agents from robbing me, and the many in-
vitations of my numerous friends, I have
not a vacant moment, and I am obliged to
deny myself to every one, or I could never
go on at all (he was not always in such re-
quest). But, to the man to whom I may
say I owe every thing, I should be base
indeed were I not always accessible, always
at his command. You see in me a courtier
perhaps—one must be so in some shape;
but in matters of honest feeling, and of duty,
I am a plain-sailing fellow. I have told the
whole town (I glory in it, and it is due to
you)—I have told the whole town (repeated
he a second time) that I should have been
ruined but for you, and that to your ex-
ortations I owe my fortune. Who hid me from
the Philistines? you, valuable friend. Who
softened the rage of an infuriated father?
you. I have many sins; but ingratitude is
known to me but by name; and ungrateful
I should be, were I, for one moment, to for-
get or to neglect you."

Here he acted a great deal of importance,
rung the bell, called half a dozen servants
one after another, counter-ordered his horses,
and let me know his many engagements on
the pretence of putting off every thing for
me.

"Jones, (his own man) call the Coach-
man, (to me—I beg your pardon) and tell
him to send out the sick horse, and to have
the carriage ready at six,—(calling him back)

* Literary Borrowing is not touched by our
Hermit, otherwise he would lash those jour-
nals which pilfer from our sheets ere they are
dry from the press, and, disguising the titles
a little, pass off our articles as their own. We
speak not of servile and contemptible imita-
tors, but of such newspapers as the Observer
(for instance), which, we trust, will copy this
note with this article, as a memorandum of
shameful and unprincipled use of literary prop-
erty belonging to others, not only without
decent acknowledgment, but with paltry as-
sumption of originality.

half past; but he is a lazy fellow, and I must be dressed for dinner by seven.—Jones!" "Sir,"—"Tell Atkinson that I shall not want the curriole at all; and let Adams look at it; there's something wrong about it; (to me again)—How rude I am, but you'll forgive me;) counter-order my horses; I will not ride (laying a huge emphasis on the word *not*); I want to attend wholly to this gentleman; and mark me, tell the porter, no 'not at homes' to him,—I am always at home to him,—he may walk up to my bed-room, come in in the middle of dinner, call at midnight, whenever he pleases; you see, Jones, he is a privileged man. By the bye (to me)—I beg your pardon for the last time, but household detail must go on, and I wish to be wholly yours) the new groom won't do at all; he is as heavy as a waggon-horse, and no rider; he'll cripple all my cattle, I tell you; so no more of him; let the stud groom take a light helper,—some boy out of place, like the lad we hired at Brighton; and that—(a pause) and that's all.

"And now, my dear friend, what can I say in extenuation of so much rudeness? I really am so engaged, so pestered, that I know not what to do. I almost wish the parliament was at the devil. I was late at the House last night,—tired to death,—the business odiously dry, and the opposition insupportable,—devilishly ill bred—cursed unparliamentary,—it was a shame—quite a tomahawking; but the division took place so late, that I was forced to stay, although invited to a Russian prince's to dinner."

Here he looked most magnificent. "I rather expect (he was mistaken) to be asked to Carlton-House next week. But pray am I indebted to your friendship merely (putting out his hand in form of salutation and shaking) for this kind visit; or is there any thing on earth, which I can do to serve you? If so, speak, and your wish will be a command to me. I am not a man of many words (this was very false indeed, no man being more tiresomely prolix); but what I say, I mean; therefore speak, and you shall be obeyed. I repeat it again, I never shall forget former times. Some men are dazzled by fortune and by power; but it is not so with me. I have an immense establishment, and plenty to keep it up. A road bill nearly doubled my property: you may swear that I gave it my hearty concurrence: it runs through the middle of my estate, and right across my worst land, which brings a pretty sum. I take good care to have a command of ready money (very luckily, thought I); and what can a man have more? Well—and with all this, I am just the same good-natured fellow (this he might have left to me) that you first knew me:—but not so extravagant. No, no, I know the worth of money as well as my neighbours; and, by its preponderance, I maintain a certain weight.

"But pray let me listen to you; for I am talking all myself. I am—so—glad—to—see—you." (with a stress, a pause and a rest betwixt each of these monosyllables, as if to give weight, impression, permanence, and strength to every one of them). I thanked him. "What a world we live in!" conti-

nued he. "I was disinherited a few years ago; and now, thanks to you, I am at the head of my estates with a rent-roll doubled, and am the fourth of my family who has represented the county; whilst Dick Rochmont is ruined, and obliged to live abroad; and our old Lord Lieutenant is in trustees' hands; and Philmore is in the Fleet. But—how I am going on! Let me hear you, my good friend, in your turn." There was, in the whole of his deportment, an insolence of prosperity which displeased me. I, however, began my story; and not being inclined to waste much more time, I made it as brief as possible. Short as the detail was, it was painful to the Baronet. He considered me as a prosperous man; and there he was right. He valued my prudence and knowledge of the world so much, that he thought it was impossible for me to get into a pecuniary difficulty; and there he was wrong. During the narrative of my unforeseen loss of property, his countenance changed repeatedly. I saw doubt, displeasure, altered regard, surprise, covetousness, pride, and hypocrisy—all by turns.

At one time his eyes said "can I believe this!" at another, "what a fool not to take better care of his money!" at a third time, (a feeble struggle) "shall I lend him the money?—he is a safe man;" but avarice whispered the while, "who knows but some sudden calamity may alter his fortune also? why not as well as the country banker's breaking? no, no; keep thy money; it is thy best friend; thy consequence is built upon that alone." Impatience was the last expression of my soi-disant friend, which clearly evinced that, short and unvarnished as my tale was, it was, notwithstanding, tedious and too long for him.

I concluded, with a foreknowledge of want of success, arising out of my observation of his countenance. I already began to despise him; but I was curious to see what turn he would give to his refusal—to what artifice or deceit he would resort.

I had scarcely concluded when he burst into a roar of laughter! and putting his finger up to his nose, he exclaimed, "It won't do, it won't do, clever as you are; my dear friend, it won't do; I know you well, an observer of mankind, a d—d shrewd fellow. Says you to yourself, 'I'll try what this fellow is made of! I'll see if he has gratitude! I'll pretend to be in distress, which is the test of friendship!' But you can't hoax me. Don't I see a smile on your lip, a joke, a quiz? To be sure you are a likely dog to place your money on a rotten security! The most prudent, sensible man I know! the last fellow in the world to get into a scrape! No, no; the story of the country bank will never do. But, I say, let us change the subject.—Will you dine here to-day with a delightful party,—a union of talent, a blaze of intellect,—authors, blue-stocking ladies, members of parliament, foreigners of distinction, and I do not know who! You in want of money, ha, ha, ha! Thank you, I owe you one; devilish well played indeed; but I'm not such a novice; no, no, a country bank broke! very

well imagined. But, I say, will you dine with me?"

I thought it just possible that he might misbelieve my statement, and imagine that I came to try him; and as I paused for a moment, he exclaimed, "Come now, hang it, it is not handsome in you to doubt your friends; but let us have done with the country bank, and talk about the dinner." I now looked extremely grave, and assured him on my honour that what I stated was true, and that he had no right to doubt my veracity; that if he had disbelieved me, he was now bound to change his opinion; but that if he was only thus seeking a subterfuge, such conduct was unworthy of him, and that I was the last man on whom he should attempt to put off a counterfeit.

I saw that he was struck with an electric shock! He pondered—bit his thumb—fixed his eyes on the ground—motioned to me to observe silence for a few seconds whilst he might consult the oracle within his brain. At length he eased himself by wandering from the subject, in a flood of abuse against the Bank. "What rascals! what swindlers! what a shame to take in a person like me! How could I be so credulous! what a pity! it was so unlike me! so young! I almost deserved to lose the money. But what was to be done? how strange! how unaccountable!" "All very true," replied I. "But what is to be done is, to let me know if you can lend me the one hundred pounds or not."

The Baronet now assumed another change of countenance; and this last Proteus-like effort, was the most insincere of all. He tried to look all modesty and confusion, all suavity and regret,—to appear like one unprepared for such a scene, unfit for such a contest of duty and of friendship,—like one balancing between ability and inclination, divided between regard and stern justice.

"Believe me, my dear friend," said he, (modulating his voice and studying every look,) "that I never was placed in so painful a dilemma before. I must either forfeit the esteem of a most valued friend and appear to be the most ungrateful of men, or violate a most solemn obligation, taken at a time that I could not possibly foresee what has unfortunately occurred to-day. To assist you would be the wish nearest my heart, if I could do it without a dereliction of another duty equally imperious. Gratitude commands me to comply with your just request; but circumstance binds my hands and incapacitates me from performing the most pleasing office in life, namely the returning kindness for kindness, service for past obligation (a pause).

"I have been turning the painful subject in my mind again and again, in order to examine all its bearings and distances,—to take all its soundings, and to see if, in any way, I can discharge my obligation to you without breaking a solemn oath (he looked steadfastly at me to see if I believed him) which I took a short time ago—would that I had not!" Here he gave a very pretty gentlemanlike, or rather gentlemanlike sigh. "But I am sorry to say,

that I cannot in any way assist you without a compromise of conscience for which you would despise me, and (looking for applause, or at least for forgiveness,) which you would be the last man in the world to require." This *argumentum ad hominem* he considered as a closer. I merely made an inclination of the head, instead of becoming his justifier and apologist as he had anticipated.

Trusting to his eloquence,—"The circumstances," continued he, "are as follow, roundly and briefly:—I lent a number of sums to a number of people, all of whom were irregular in repayment, and some entirely remiss, and I lost money by it. At last I was prevailed upon to assist a person (I don't name him) with a sum of money; and I not only lost my money, but my friend: ingratitude accompanied a refusal to repay me; when, in a paroxysm of rage—I am sorry for it—I took a most solemn oath" (here he looked anxiously at me for credence)—"a dreadful oath" repeated he in a scenic tone, "never again to lend one shilling. 'Twas a rash deed; but it is done, and I cannot go from it. Any thing else to serve you, you may command." Here he concluded.

In reply, I observed, "that, through life I had made the remark that a refusing friend was always ready to do any thing to serve you, save only the thing which you asked for, and more particularly if that was money (he looked little and confused); but that there were many, I doubted not, (by the bye I did doubt very much, from these two scenes) who would find a pleasure in obliging me." "A thousand," interrupted he, a little relieved; "I could name a thousand." "One would be more serviceable," observed I; "but spare yourself the trouble." Here I rose, and wished him a good morning. He endeavoured for a moment to stop me. But it was too much his interest that I should depart, further to insist on my remaining, and his violence on this occasion was gentle indeed.

My reader may easily anticipate the apologies, accompanying this refusal of service—the repeated regrets and the wordy hopes that our friendship might remain unimpaired. To these, were added a very pressing solicitation not to deny him the pleasure of my company at his dilettanti dinner. I confess that I felt a pleasure in positively refusing this request, although I endeavoured to take my leave with as much apparent composure, and with as much urbanity as possible.

Our last look, however, was that of humiliation and guilt. I had committed an imprudence, and was humiliated on that account: he had resorted to deceit and ingratitude, and was humbled by the fear of detection. For a moment, I verily believe that we could have wished each other at the devil; but resentment sits on my mind as oil does upon water: it must float lightly on the surface, and is easily removed.

Upon enquiring respecting the Baronet's oath, I was led to believe it to be all an imposture. He might have made a resolution

on coming to his fortune, never to give nor to lend, and in fine never to do any good; for this tenor of conduct he has strictly observed: but as to the rash vow, the solemn obligation, the horrible oath, it is all mere mummery. On my mentioning the circumstance to Tom Ratwell, his friend and colleague, he observed, "He take an oath! it must have been upon his dictionary, for he has not got a bible in his house."

I now proceeded to my mercantile acquaintance, resolved to have done with applications as quickly as possible, and almost indifferent as to the success of my visit.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Saturday last a new and very successful piece was produced at this Theatre, called *Pigeons and Crows*, the irrelevant title of which is the only thing belonging to it that we dislike; and we are glad thus early and easily to acquit ourselves of the unpleasant part of our function. We do not mean to assert that were this little production submitted to the severe laws of dramatic criticism, it would escape so fortunately; but, like Goldsmith's admirable Vicar, we are tired of being always wise, and wish sometimes to be merry without too fastidious a scrutiny into the sufficiency of the motive. Boswell says that Dr. Johnson told him, that when for the first time he was invited to a dinner party, to meet Foote, for whose character he entertained no great respect, he previously determined to look grave at all the fellow's jokes; which resolution he carried into effect for a while, but that at length they became so irresistible, that he was obliged to lay down his knife and fork, throw himself back in his chair, and fairly laugh it out. So we are persuaded it would be with any rigid lover of the legitimate drama, who might visit the little Theatre to see this natural child of Thalia's. (We beg the lady's pardon for so indecorous an expression.) Although, at the outset, he might pshaw! and pish! and cry "what caricature!" his reluctance to be pleased would soon be overcome, the tension of his muscles would gradually relax, and he would be seduced to join heartily in the roar raised by less scrupulous spectators.

The following is a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

Blondeau, a French showman.	Mr. J. Russel.
Wadd, a pewterer.	Mr. Russel.
Captain Neville.	Mr. Jones.
Sir Peter Pigwiggin, Neville's Uncle.	Mr. Liston.
Tom, his footman.	Mr. Barnard.
Patrick, an Irish servant.	Mr. Connor.
A Doctor.	Mr. Terry.
Louisa Harvey.	Miss Blanchard.
Mrs. Harvey.	Mrs. Davenport.
Servant.	Mrs. Gibbs.

The scene is at Margate, whither Sir Peter has "steamed" himself for the purpose of marrying *Louisa Harvey*, whom he has never seen, but whom her mother has engaged to him. *Sir Peter Pigwiggin* is a

very different being from his namesake in Drayton's exquisite creation of fancy, "Nymphidia, or the Court of Faerie." He is nevertheless a highly amusing fellow; is a true cockney, with much gaiety of heart; has a turn for rhyming (which however is not too frequently exerted) and is moreover a knight, an alderman, and a pin-maker.—His nephew, *Captain Neville*, arrives also at Margate, at once flying from his town creditors, and, to use his own expression, "doing a bit of matrimony" with the fair *Louisa*. This young lady (who repays *Neville's* attachment) meets *Sir Peter* by accident; and, discovering the object of his visit to Margate, gives such a character to him of his mistress (herself) that he determines to relinquish the intended match. Among other mystifications, she describes herself as the protégée of *Blondeau*, and refers the knight, who becomes enamoured of her, to the itinerant showman for satisfaction. *Blondeau* has just imported an African Princess, whom he intends to exhibit. *Sir Peter* enters into a treaty with *Blondeau*, and actually gives him a thousand pounds for the surrender of his charge, by which the former means *Louisa*, but by which the latter understands his sable beauty. To prevent his discovering the deceit that has been practised on him, the mother of *Louisa*, *Mrs. Harvey*, a fantastical widow, eager for a second husband, is introduced to *Sir Peter* as the real *Louisa*. *Sir Peter's* aversion to the proposed marriage is thus completed; and in order to avoid being compelled to fulfil his engagement, he offers his nephew, *Captain Neville*, five thousand pounds to take his supposed mistress off his hands. *Neville* joyfully accepts this proposal, and marries *Louisa*; and *Sir Peter*, after finding out the trick that has been played him, has generosity enough to pardon the lovers, and to confirm the pecuniary condition so essential to their happiness.

This outline of the plot conveys but a slight notion of the merits of the piece, which indeed consist less in the interest or connexion of the incidents than in the drolery of the dialogue. In almost every sentence witticisms of greater or less point occur; which, although probably they would not bear the test of examination in the closet, are in the animation of delivery upon the stage irresistible. As we have already intimated, "*Pigeons and Crows*" does not belong to the class of genuine comedy. In fact the author pretends to nothing of the kind. He writes, as the Prologue calls it, "a three act thing;" it creates a laugh, and his end is answered. To the accomplishment of that end, who will doubt us when we assert that the efforts of that most whimsical of all whimsical comedians, LISTON, mainly contributed? His appearance on the scene was the sure precursor of tumultuous merriment. JONES played the part of *Neville* with his usual animation. TERRY in a drunken Doctor, with the good sense which he manifests on every occasion, exerted himself to the utmost; although he must have been con-

scious of the insignificance of the character, as compared with his great and varied powers. Both the RUSSELLS were very successful; as was also CONNOR in the Irish servant. Miss BLANCHARD confirmed by her gay and appropriate representation of *Louise Harvey*, the claims that she had already laid to public favour; and Mrs. GRIMS and Mrs. DAVENPORT did all that could be done for the common-place personages they had to transform themselves into. The piece was given out for repetition with unanimous applause.

The following passage in the Prologue (a mediocre composition, but admirably spoken by TERRY) indicates the approaching fall of this little Temple of the Muses; for the purpose however of its being rebuilt:

Soon (for to nothing every thing still must)
This fane of mirth will levelled be to dust,
To rise again by favour of the laws,
To thrive again, if cheer'd by your applause.

We embrace this opportunity earnestly to implore the Proprietors, as they value their own interest and the favour of the public, not to be induced by any mistaken expectation of advantage, to increase the size of the interior. Let them be deterred by those mausoleums of talent of every description—the winter theatres. Mrs. Siddons once told a friend of ours that she considered herself very fortunate to have established her professional reputation, before the erection of buildings so disproportionate to human powers. Most of the charm of good acting resides in the finer expressions of the countenance, and in the under tones of the voice; and when these are found to be operative only on about a fourth part of an audience, what must be the result, but that they will be superseded by grimace and rant? If an actor at Drury Lane or Covent Garden has but to pick up a fan and present it to a lady, the smile and compliment with which he accompanies the action must be exaggerated, the one into a grin, the other into a shout, in order to produce any effect on the eyes and ears of the tenants of the front boxes and the galleries. It is principally to this circumstance that we owe the profusion of melo-dramas by which the public taste has for some years been unceasingly vitiated; and in which clamour and violent gesticulation are substituted for the more rational and refined attractions of the stage. Ask any man of the least pretension to sound dramatic feeling where he most enjoys a play; and he will without hesitation answer—at the Haymarket. There, let him be placed in what part of the house he may, he can with ease see and hear every thing. We trust that this character will equally belong to the edifice about to be raised in the room of that, the destruction of which, incommensurable as in many respects it certainly is, we cannot contemplate without regret, from the recollection of the many hearty laughs we have indulged in within its walls.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This Theatre has also had its successful novelty, in the shape of an Operetta, called "*The Cure for Romance*," and performed for the first time

on Monday. It is founded (as we understand) on a novel of no great celebrity, and is very similar in its plot to *Catherine and Petruchio*, except that the object is to show the means of curing a romantic, and not of taming a shrewish spirit. *Caroline*, the daughter of *Drake*, a simple London poulterer, has had her mind filled so completely with the visions of the circulating library, that she disdains to think of any man for a husband, whose character does not correspond with her notions of a hero. *Charles Clover* is smitten with the fair enthusiast, but perceiving that he should have no chance if he wooed as a common lover, he assumes the fascinating name of *Orlando*, writes verses and billets-doux to his mistress, and having ultimately prevailed on her to elope with him, takes her to an old ruined castle, which he pretends is his residence, and appears to her in the garb and under the character of a Captain of Banditti, with the odious name of *Humphrey Shuffelbottom*. Although *Caroline* had of course read a great deal about gentlemen of this profession, she finds that however delightful in imagination, they are in fact no very agreeable associates. This experience, the absence of all the attentions and accommodations to which she has been accustomed, and other considerations of an appalling and disgusting nature, make a powerful impression on her; and the result is that, her delusion being removed, she is apprised of the stratagem which has been practised on her, and no longer hesitates to accept the proffered hand of her lover.—The idea is good; and, as far as the author has gone, is tolerably well executed; but we think much more might have been made of it. The dénouement is hurried on just as the interest becomes powerfully excited. All the performers exerted themselves; especially Mrs. CHATTERLEY (who both looked and played delightfully), WARREN, the hero, and HANLEY, the hero's servant, who introduced a song in ridicule of those pests of society as they are at present constituted—circulating libraries, in which there were several neat points. It was loudly encored; as was also a very sweet and harmonious glee that was sung in the course of the performance.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE will open on Monday next with *Macbeth*. It has undergone considerable alterations during the recess. The decorations have been newly embellished; but the grand improvement has been made on the stage. By a bold and ingenious piece of machinery the whole *proscenium* can now be raised bodily up; so as to exhibit (when required) an elevation of above forty feet; and the last row of the one-shilling Gallery can it seems have a perfect view of the most extensive scene of spectacle. How strongly is the necessity that has been felt for doing this, corroborative of the remarks which we have just made on the overgrown size of the winter theatres!

VARIETIES.

The late Bishop of Peterborough left the revision ore 600*l.* three per cent. Consols,

to charitable institutions in his late diocese one half for the increase of the fund for the relief of clergymen's widows, &c., and the other towards the creation of a fund for the remuneration of the Physician to the Peterborough Dispensary.

MAGNANIMITY.—A Miller's dog broke his chain; the miller ordered his maid servant to tie him up again. She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she, shutting the yard door, "the dog is mad. I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber, and with the noblest resignation prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out; and she died in a few days. The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

THE LITTLE BUTCHERS TO THE GREAT.—The Butchers of Ghent are divided into two Classes. When Napoleon once visited that city, the little butchers, as they are called, erected a triumphal Arch in his honor, with the following inscription, which we give in the original French: "*Les petits Bouchers de Gand à Napoleon le Grand*!" This unlucky equivocal was by no means agreeable to Napoleon le Grand!

The young Princes, arrived in Paris from Madagascar, for the purpose of a European education under the direction of Chevalier Roux, are shortly expected to visit England with their preceptor.

Nothing is to be done to Drury Lane Theatre previous to its opening for the ensuing season, excepting thoroughly cleaning the interior of the audience part of it.

A CLERICAL HAMLET.—The scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet was recently performed in the Church-yard of a little village in the Department of Deux-Sevres.—The Vicar of the Parish, with the view of saving the dead and effectually admonishing the living, proceeded to the Church-yard followed by a numerous retinue. He stationed himself before an open grave, surrounded with human bones, and began to declaim vehemently against the perversity of the age; then, like the Prince of Denmark, seizing a skull he said:—"This perhaps was the head of a rich miser, now doomed to eternal punishment; or of some prodigal, whose life was spent in the tavern or the gaming house; or perhaps, of a young woman, who, by misconduct, brought sorrow and disgrace on her family. This head may have been adorned with bright eyes and rosy lips. Reflect, incorrigible sinners; to-morrow, perhaps even to-day, this may be your doom." On hearing this, nearly all the female part of the auditory were seized with fits; some of the young girls fancying their heads were already in the pastor's grasp, took to flight, the young men laughed heartily, and the old ones, seeing no good reason why a catholic sermon should resemble an English tragedy, walked away highly incensed at this new mode of propounding the moral of the Gospel.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.—Madame C—, a Parisian Lady of Fashion, recently received a brilliant diamond necklace as a birthday present. It was the gift of a gentleman, the intimate friend of her husband, who, to conciliate the scruples of friendship with the duties of custom, sent it privately one evening when he knew Monsieur was from home. The Lady fully sensible to this delicacy of feeling, was anxious to acknowledge his goodness and to do honour to the present by wearing it; but to this its magnificence proved an obstacle. She guessed what would be the astonishment of her husband at sight of so valuable a present, which he might naturally have regarded as the reward of long service or tried attachment. She mentioned the circumstance to one of her friends, a lively, clever woman, who was she knew, accustomed to similar difficulties, and from which she never yet failed to extricate herself in admirable style. Accordingly, that very evening, the friend showed the necklace to M. C— as an article which she was commissioned to dispose of. The price set upon it, though greatly below its value, was too high for M. C—, who reluctantly returned the necklace, having previously taken the trouble to fasten it on his wife's neck, and he himself confessed that it added considerably to her charms. A few days after this, the obliging friend called to mention that the diamonds were to be disposed of by way of lottery. She brought a parcel of tickets to M. C—. He was proceeding to change one or two; but she stopped him, observing that fortune was blind; that she was extremely lucky in such matters, and that he had better receive them blindfold from her.

The unsuspecting husband presented the three tickets to his wife.—The latter laughed at the predictions of her friend and the foreboding of her husband; though she attached no value to the tickets, she put them away carefully as a matter of course.—At length the grand day arrived.—The fortunate number proved to be among those belonging to Madame C—. The necklace was brought to her, and the husband, rubbing his hands, congratulated himself on his wife's good fortune.

The above anecdote was lately related at a party, when it was observed that a gentleman present listened to it with singular gravity.—On enquiry it turned out that his wife had recently won a cashmere shawl in the lottery.

Under the head of the Poor Laws, it is stated that 8,000,000. will be the probable expenditure for the present year. Let the following instance of meritorious industry be contrasted with degrading idleness. The wife of James Sartain, a labourer, resident in the village of Charlcombe, near Bath, was delivered last week of twins, completing the number of 19 children, 14 of which are alive. This numerous family has been maintained by the honest and industrious parents, without application for, or receiving a farthing of parochial pay. This statement can be verified by the Rector of the parish.—Blush, Oh! ye idle and improvident!

A CUSTOM DESERVING OF IMITATION.—In the duchy of Gotha there are many villages which obtain a rent of 200 or 300 dollars or more for their fruit trees planted on the road side, and on the commons. Every new married couple is bound to plant two young fruit trees. The rent is applied to parochial purposes, (at present to payment of the debts incurred during the late wars.) In order to preserve the plantations from injury, the inhabitants of the parish are all made answerable; each of whom is thus on the watch over the other; and if any one is caught in the act of committing any injury, all the damage done in the same year, the authors of which cannot be discovered, is attributed to him, and he is compelled to atone for it according to its extent, either by fine, or by corporal punishment.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.—In a commune of the department of the Meuse, a stalk of wheat has been shown, bearing 56 shoots, and each of these a beautiful ear. This extraordinary plant is the produce of a grain of wheat dropt by accident, and confirms what has been said in favour of the method of sowing corn thinly, to make it shoot well, and consequently to save a great deal of seed. The number of grains yielded by these ears, if we take the fullest, the poorest, and one that is a mean between them, is from 100 to 110 in general: the mean may therefore be taken at 34 or 35 grains per ear. The grain of wheat of M. Rampont (above spoken of) has therefore yielded 1900 fold. We read in the "*Art de multiplier les grains*" by M. Francois de Neufchateau, who quotes the *Ephemerides* of Vallemont, that in 1671 a stem of barley grew in Silesia to a very great height, and that it produced 15 large and 9 small ears, all very full; that Denis, physician to the King of France had obtained from a single grain of wheat above 200 ears; and that the *Freres de la doctrine Chretienne* at Paris, possessed a bouquet of barley with 249 stems, which yielded 18,000 grains.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—A pamphlet entitled an *Eloge of Cain*, is among the forthcoming productions of the French Press. The title, it must be acknowledged, is calculated to excite interest, particularly as the work is understood to be dedicated to the regicides of France. Those who have seen the MS. declare that it contains a vast deal of learning and research. The author has deviated in some respects from the Book of Genesis; but he quotes the authority of rabbinical compilations of high antiquity.—By a curious string of reasoning he attempts to prove that the banishment of Cain, after his fratricide, was contrary to every principle of justice. In the opinion of this bold panegyrist, all the blame must be attached to Abel, who, by *mad resistance*, and obstinate attachment to the *prejudices of the age*, stirred up the fury of his brother, whom the author regards as the real founder of *liberalism*. (From the *Quotidienne*, an *Ultra-Royalist Journal*.)

A few days ago died, in Staffordshire, an aged clergyman, who, during the course of a

well-spent life, had walked to the church of which he was curate more than 4,000 miles, including the occasional duties of the parish. He had preached in the church upwards of 4,000 times, baptized more than 5,000 children, and buried upwards of 4,000 corpses. He had baptized one Jew, many Gentiles, and, in one day, 15 Quakers; and in the course of this time he had married more than 3,000 couples. He gave general satisfaction to the parishioners, and, after all this service, he remained until his death as he began, between forty and fifty years ago, a poor curate!

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.—On Tuesday night, some wicked person or persons found means privately to steal a large baboon, a tiger, a ravenous wolf, a stupendous elephant, and a pair of ostriches seven feet high, from two caravans on their way to Bartholomew Fair; and notwithstanding an immediate hue and cry, and a handsome reward offered, they have not yet been heard of!—Fortunately, however, they were all of them very tame, being simply painted upon canvas!

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1819.

Thursday, 26.—Thermometer from 53 to 70.
Barometer from 30.27 to 30.25.
Wind NE. 1½.—Generally Cloudy.
Friday, 27.—Thermometer from 50 to 76.
Barometer from 30.25 to 30.17.
Wind NNE. 1.—Clouds generally passing till the evening, when it became clear.
Saturday, 28.—Thermometer from 53 to 74.
Barometer from 30.15 to 30.05.
Wind NE. and SW. 1.—Generally Cloudy.
Sunday, 29.—Thermometer from 48 to 74.
Barometer from 29.90 to 29.79.
Wind SW. 2.—Clouds passing—clear at times.
Monday, 30.—Thermometer from 54 to 72.
Barometer from 29.66 to 29.36.
Wind SW. 2 & 3.—Generally Cloudy, with rain most of the afternoon.
Tuesday, 31.—Thermometer from 47 to 62.
Barometer from 29.50 to 29.58.
Wind SWbW. 2.—Clouds passing; at times clear.
Rain fallen .2 of an inch.

SEPTEMBER.

Wednesday, 1st.—Thermometer from 41 to 62.
Barometer from 29.70 to 29.80.
Wind WbS. 3.—Generally clear.
On Monday, Sept. 6, at 9 hours, 19 minutes, 3 seconds, clock time, the 4th satellite of Jupiter will emerge into his shadow.
On Saturday, 11th, at 9 hours, 8 minutes, 30 seconds, clock time, the third satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an Eclipse.
On the same day, at 11 hours, 17 minutes, 19 seconds, clock time, the second satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We certainly excuse what E. W. is pleased to call his "presumptuousness;" and we thank him for the trouble he has taken. It is not our usage however to admit any critical remarks but our own; and we fear that the work on which E. W. has favoured us with his observations, is of too serious a nature for our columns.

Miscellaneous Advertisements. (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

This day was published,
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. XXIX. for AUGUST 1819.

CONTENTS.

1. Restoration of the Parthenon for the National Monument—2. Remarks on Don Juan—3. Emigration to the Cape of Good Hope—4. Sir William Osley's Travels in various Countries of the East—5. Dr. Cross on the Foot and Leg—6. Translation of a Manuscript, found among the Baggage of a French Officer killed at Waterloo—7. Two Reviews of a Military Work—8. Remarks on Dr. Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica—9. On Musical Expression, in Answer to Musical Queries in last Number—10. Commonplace People—11. The Month of September—12. To ————13. Stanzas—14. Notices of Reprints of Curious Old Books, No. IV.—15. Human Beauty—16. On a late Attempt to White-wash Mr. Brougham—17. Ribson on Shakspeare—18. A Parallel between the Master Debtor's Side of Newgate, and the several Sponging Houses in the County of Middlesex—19. Mr. Faber on the Pyramid of Cephrenes, lately opened by Belzoni—20. An Account of a Fishing Excursion up Glenwharfan, in Dumfriesshire, with some Observations on Bait-Fishing—21. Boxiana; or, Sketches of Pugilism, by one of the Fancies: No. II.—22. The True and Authentic Account of the Twelfth of August, 1819—23. Literary and Scientific Intelligence—24. Works preparing for Publication—25. Monthly List of New Publications—26. Monthly Register, &c.

Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, London; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Excursions through England, &c.

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Monthly List of New Publications.

Literary and Scientific Information of Works in the Press, or preparing for Publication.

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Edinburgh Review, No. 61.

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Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XLII.

Is this day published.

CONTENTS.

1. ARISTOPHANES, SOCRATES, VIEW

of Grecian Philosophy, of Athenian Education, —Origin, Progress, and Tenets of the Sophists.

2. Humboldt's Personal Narrative of Travels to the Orinoco.

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